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GOLDWATER URGED CASEY TO SET UP BLIND TRUST  
BY MICHAEL J. SNIFFEN

More than a year before CIA Director William J. Casey bowed congressional pressure and put his stock holdings in a blind trust, he received some advice from his old friend, Sen. Barry Goldwater: "'You can't take it with you,' so why don't you put it in a trust?"

Goldwater, a fellow Republican and chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, which had already looked into Casey's finances more than once, offered the advice in a July 12, 1982 letter, addressed "Dear Bill."

But Casey declined the advice at that time, suggesting in a response to the Arizona senator that he might set a precedent that could be applied to members of the House and Senate intelligence panels, who receive intelligence briefings.

Casey did not put his holdings into a blind trust until October 1983, when Sen. Carl Levin, D-Mich., a member of Senate Intelligence Committee, was discussing a Senate resolution urging Casey to do so.

"You and I aren't exactly children anymore," Goldwater, then 73, wrote Casey, then 69, in 1982. "Our lives have pretty well been spent, and although we both look forward to many more years, as the saying goes, 'You can't take it with you,' so why don't you put it in a trust?"

Goldwater wrote Casey that he had just learned that a CIA group had been set up to monitor Casey's finances, although Goldwater said he did not know its composition.

The group was set up by the CIA in May, 1982 to ensure that Casey did not use information he had access to as chief of U.S. intelligence to enrich himself through stock trades. Unlike his two predecessors at the CIA and unlike most other top Reagan administration officials with access to the most secret intelligence, Casey had refused to set up a blind trust and retained control of his multimillion-dollar stock portfolio.

Casey said trusts were not required under the Ethics in Government Act and that his stock adviser made virtually all the trading decisions anyway.

But, noting the new monitoring group, Goldwater wrote:

"Bill, just as a piece of advice, why don't you take all of your funds and put them in a blind trust? That is going to eliminate any question about what you do or don't do and, while I know it is not required, I think it would make good sense for you to do this, because anytime this group says anything about your background on money, someone on the Intelligence Committee is going to demand a hearing which I am going to have to grant and you are going to have to be subjected to the same old routine you went through before."

On July 20, Casey replied to Goldwater: "I agree with the concluding paragraph of your letter that 'we can't take it with us.' You will agree that if I were concerned about taking it with me or piling it up, there are other ways I could spend my time to greater effect."

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## DIANA HEARS

**A**LL IS FORGIVEN... Well, despite those Boston reviews describing Liz Taylor as a "stuffed owl" — or maybe because of them; who knows? — a swarm of Kennedys will converge for the Big Ap's very first week at Liz 'n' Dick. John Kennedy Smith, you see, bagged the Number One Preview up there of "Private Lives," April 28, to benefit her Arts For The Handicapped. In will fit Ethel, Caroline, Teddy — without His Mystery Date — Michael and his missus, Pat Kennedy Lawford and daughter Robin, the young Joe Kennedys, two distinct Mrs. Bobby Kennedys — Senior and Junior — Kerry, Ethel's daughter, and assorted others sneaking in under Married Names. (As well, of course, as all the New York Trendies, a bucket of Eurotrash, plus Jerry Brown, Norm Mailer and Allen Ginsburg, Poet of Despair. A mix is always fun.) Steve and Jean Smith will soften up the cream of the above with a little boozie before the show. John Coleman will feed Liz and Dick and select Trendies after, in the Jockey Club. And it's nifty to know that everyone mentioned above's utterly pardoned Liz for once wedding a Republican. "Think about John Warner on a political percentage input basis," a Demo suggests. That's the way they talk, now. Politics is hell.

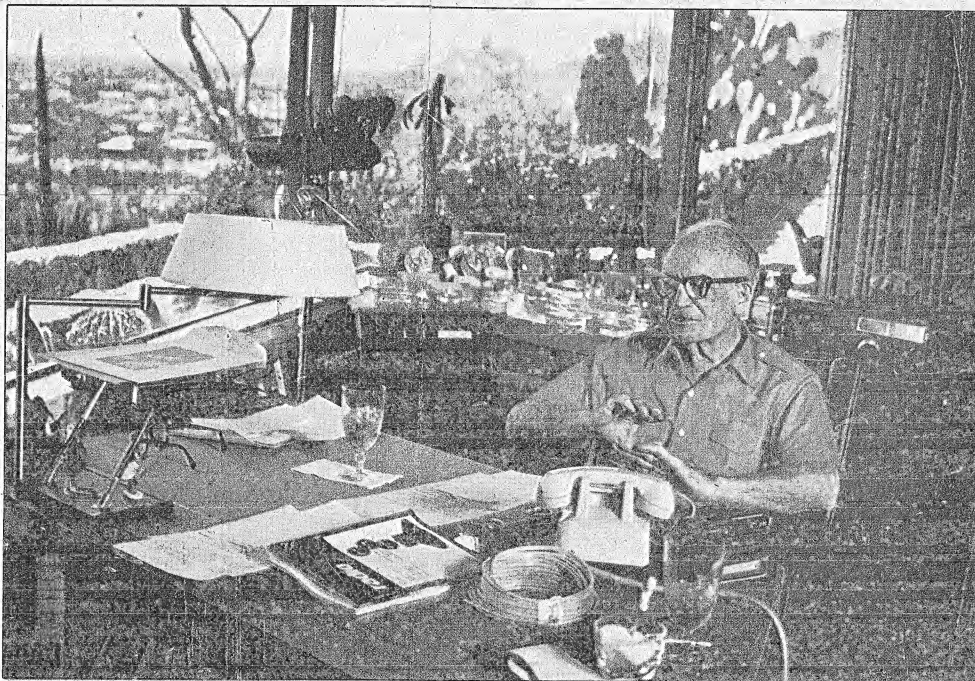
**B**UT NOT FORGOTTEN... Fond colleagues of the late beloved Rep. Phil Burton, Californian King of Gerymandering, toasted his memory the other eve, as only fellow-Congressmen can. "Well, well. Finally old Phil owns some property in his district," sighed one, blowing his nose. "Yep," nodded another. "His grave touches four counties, and has a deviation of .65." The glasses clinked. Silence fell. Congressional Sentiment, darlings, isn't exactly like any other kind. But it's better than nothing.

**F**RANKLY MY DEAR... More stardust. Right after his KenCen show Tuesday night, Frank Sinatra zipped over to the plush-macho Prime Rib eatery with Barbara and his musicians. There, he ate barbecued back ribs, His Way (No finger-lickin'). Old hooper George Murphy stopped by for handshakes. Most fun of all, the Rib's pianist, Stef Scugliari, grandly presented Ol' Vaseline Eyes with his new disc, "Just The Beginning." The Senior Songbird, still a gigolo from forking over \$30,000 worth of seat receipts to Foster Grandparents, beamed with gratitude. Then, last night, he tossed a little privy supper at the Madison for 18, including Ed Meese and Mike Deaver. He was even more adorable than usual. "He's definitely Mellowing," everybody nudges. "He hasn't even found out the names of the Righteous Columnists to insult onstage this time." A very strange state of affairs. Stay tuned.



Patti Davis

**T**HE FLEETING TWINKLE, CONT'D... Lord Patrick Litchfield — a Limey, couldn't you guess? — just slid into New York to shoot pics of Patti Davis, posed dripping in Harry Winston's sapphires and diamonds. The First Daughter will star in assorted Eurograms, along with Princess Caroline in emeralds, and Morgan Fairchild in cabochon rubies. Two downers, in all this glorie. We'll never see the pics. And, just like Mama, Patti had to turn back her borrowed glitteries when the spotlights died. The best thing is life is free, she says. But some are a tad temporary. Tomorrow: Gossip of Permanence.



In his youth, Barry Goldwater rode to this hill on horseback and slept under the stars. A quarter century later, he built his \$250,000 home here, eight miles from downtown Phoenix.

## Goldwater: The salt and sage of the desert

By Jane Sims Podesta  
WASHINGTON TIMES STAFF

**P**ARADISE VALLEY, Ariz. — Outrageous as ever, Barry Goldwater points down the cliff to the neighborhood skinny-dipper's house. Down there, just below his hilltop home, is one spot that always comes in crystal clear. The dusty desert city of Phoenix fades into the background when his German submarine binoculars, mounted near the window, are focused 500 feet below. He sits behind a desk that looks like the cockpit of a World War II fighter, outfitted with every weather and radio gadget imaginable. "I can see all the way downtown and read the clock with these things. Ya, a woman lives down there, and I can see her swimming pool on the end. She likes to go skinny-dipping. She doesn't know who's calling her, but I'll see her down there and I'll call her up and say, 'Hello, you better put something on.' She'll hang up, and I'll be watching her and she comes out and she looks..."

He's kidding — or is he? That has always been Goldwater's charm and the Republicans' worry. He

says whatever he hell goes through his mind and doesn't care who's listening.

Goldwater, talks about calling President Reagan after the president's Star Wars speech in late March, calling for a futuristic defense against Soviet intercontinental ballistic missiles. He called the White House and told an aide that he wanted to talk with Reagan. "Who's calling?" asked the aide. "Sen. Barry Goldwater," he said. "What do you want to talk to him about?" the aide probed. "That's none of your goddamned business," Goldwater shouted and hung up.

Later that day Reagan phoned Goldwater back, only to learn the old party warhorse enjoyed the speech. Goldwater recalls the incident with the relish of an elder statesman not always called upon for advice these days. Although on cordial terms with the president, there are political wounds that have not completely healed: Reagan has never quite forgiven Goldwater for solidly backing Gerald Ford during the 1976 presidential campaign.

Nearly 20 years after Goldwater's landslide defeat at the hands of Lyndon Johnson, the Republican party is led by a man



who espouses many of the conservative ideas that Goldwater voiced in his presidential campaign. But the 1964 candidate and his message — "In Your Heart You Know He's Right" — have nearly vanished from the headlines, even though Goldwater will serve in the Senate until 1986.

"After I ran for the presidency, I sometimes think I made a mistake running again for the Senate. Then I was a relatively young man... I lost all my seniority so here I am, the only Republican who served in 1953 who is serving in the Senate now. Yet John Tower outranks me, and I have four or five years more service than he has."

"I think I would advise anybody, under similar circumstances, 'Don't go back...'"

"I talked to Hubert Humphrey about it, in fact, and he said, 'You know, I sort of feel the same way.' You move out, you come back. You have all your old friends, your old respect, you serve on all of the same committees, but you've lost your clout in a certain way."

The desert sage sits on his hilltop, eight miles from downtown Phoenix, reminiscing about earlier years. A half century ago, in his

youth, Barry rode on horseback to this hill, unwrapped his bedroll and slept below the stars before he became one. He built this \$230,000 home here 26 years ago, hauling in Arizona red ledge stone from a Navajo reservation quarry 200 miles north.

Before sunrise this spring day, Goldwater somehow managed to climb on the roof, adjusting the ham radio antenna up there before the mid-day sun baked the land. Yet he moves around the house with great pain at 74, leaning on a cane and still sensing a sharp pinch from chronic hip problems.

"The doctors broke the hip bone and put it together with piano wire... My hip looks like somebody shot it full of shrapnel. All those wires are just sticking in; the bone didn't go together. I keep raising hell with the doc, and he says someday it'll be all right. I say, 'Christ, someday I'll be dead.'"

Goldwater seems somehow fragile, the crusty image worn down, not shattered, by age. The years have slowed his gait and troubled his heart, forcing him to stay inside more and swear off booze and spicy food. His heart is a patched-up — he underwent a heart bypass opera-

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GALLERIES / Jane Addams Allen

## Alaska: A refuge for kitsch?

**"A**laska's Artists in Washington D.C." on view in the Rotunda of the Russell Senate Office Building, is exactly what its title suggests — the kind of exhibition you could only find in the nation's capital. A not so subtle mix of political and gallery interests have combined to create a show of overpowering mediocrity, designed to project the image of Alaska as the last frontier of natural beauty, but actually projecting an image of Alaska as the last refuge of kitsch wild-life art and condescending depictions of native Americans.

Including over 100 paintings and prints by 35 artists, the exhibition was put together and presented by Artique Ltd. Gallery in Anchorage, which represents all of the exhibited painters and printmakers. But it was conceived by Catherine Chandler Stevens, wife of the Republican senator from Alaska, as an inaugural event kicking off the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the passage of the Alaska Statehood Act which will occur in 1984. That she chose an art exhibition for such an occasion is much to Mrs. Stevens' credit. Unfortunately, the actual show does little to enhance Alaska's image.

Apparently, Sen. Stevens particularly requested the gallery to include pictures that could be con-

Those artists who devote themselves to satisfying other people's expectations of a geographical location are almost by definition followers rather than leaders.

sidered typically Alaskan, hence the plethora of scenes of snowy mountains and icy seas, huskies, polar bears, eagles and Eskimos. The problem is that this kind of programmatic approach to aesthetics doesn't lend itself to good art. Those artists who devote themselves to satisfying other people's expectations of a geographical location are almost by definition followers rather than leaders. And when they are copying a currency long debased by travel posters and "Call of the Wild" ripoffs, their art tends to be as devoid of feeling and originality as the average National Geographic photo.

It is not that natural beauty is no longer a fit subject for good and original painting. The current

Morris Graves show at the Phillips Gallery is full of memorable images of the Northwest. But one wonders if Graves' paintings of Eskimo bears and joyous pines would have been considered suitable for a statehood commemoration, had he been from Alaska. Of all the Alaskan scene painters, only Paul Steucke seems to see the landscape and its people with fresh eyes. His "Heading Home" and "Hydaburg Dancer" make you feel the loneliness, the cold and the immense scale of Alaska.

Even worse than the wildlife paintings are the numerous "cute" depictions of Eskimo art. The simplified rounded forms and conventionalized design motifs of Eskimo carving have been transmogrified by such painters as Kim Brown, Susan Ellis, Claire Fejes, Teri Jo Hedman, and Rie Munoz into sentimental depictions of native life. The fact that there are more ersatz Eskimo pasticheurs than actual native Alaskan artists in this exhibition is a shame, particularly when the few examples of native American art, such as the lithographs by Chuna, are among the stronger and more moving works in the show.

The other stand-out in the show is Susan Bremner, whose moody



"Hydaburg Dancer" by Paul Steucke, at the Russell Senate Office Building.